WORD OF THE LORD

Dr. Talmage on Nature's Ministry in Song.

THE SONGS OF THE BIRDS

and Hope and Family Life, and the Season In New Mere to Learn.

ORLYN. June 26.-Rev. Dr. Tal-

the sounds are extemporised, the g or failing tone is a mere accident. lung up and down by haphasard, bird did not know what it was g, it did not care whether it was a meter pealm or a madrigal. What

on the chipmunk's song was ordained or back in the eternities. At the gates this morning in a Long Island or-ard it sang "Kuk?" "Kuk?" "Kuk?"

Teacher! as now it utters sounds to Teacher! Teacher! Teacher! In the summer of the year 1 the yel-wharamer trilled that which sounded to "If" "If" as in this summer it trills "If" "If" "If" The Maryland yellowthroat inherits and bequeaths the tone sounding like the words "Pity me, pity me, pit "Tseep, tseep" woke our great grandfa-there as it will swaken our great grand-children. The "Tee ka-tee-ka-tee-ka" of the birds in the first century was the same as the "Tee-ka-tee-ka-tee-ka" of the teenth century.

NATURE'S UNCHANGING SONG. The goldfinch has for 6,000 years been nging "De-ree-des-es-ree," But these sands, which we put in harsh words,

they put in codences, rhythmic, soulful and enrapturing. Now if there is this order and systematication and rhythm all through God's creation does it not imply that we should have the same characteristics to the music we make or try to make? Is it not a wickedness that so many parents give no opportunity for the culture of their children in the art of sweet sound? If God stoops to educats overy binebird, oriole and grosbeak in some, how our purents be so indifferent about the anuscal development of the immertals in their household?

While God will accept our attempts to sing, though it be only a hom or a drone. If we can do no better, what a share that in this last docade of the nineteentla cenry, when so many orchestral batons waving and so many scadersies of se are in full concert, and so many illed men and women are waiting to offer instruction there are so many peo-ple who cannot sing with any confidence in the house of God because they have had no culture in this secred art, or while they are able to sing a funtasis at a plane amid the fluttering fans of social admirers, nevertheless feel utterly help-less when in church the surges of an "Ariel" or an "Anthoch" roll over them. Theorie fashioned country singing school, now much devides and cartestured (and indeed constitues it was diverted from the real design into the culture of the per emotions rather than the voice), towertheless this plustrable work, and in our churches we need singing schools to propers our Sabbath audiences for prompt and spontaneous and multipoat paintedy. This world needs to be

We want a bentupteric compaign of common. From bearing a blind beggar ng Martin Lather went home at 40 mrs of age to write his first hymn. In he entures I hope to have a congrega-lossed singing school here during the scale which shall propers the people for he sough of the holy Sabbath. If the is world for rightsonance, there must ended a bundrelfish of more har-

time be pounced on by a hawk and torn wing from wing? There are cruel beaks in thicket and in aky ready to slay the song birds. Herods on the wing. Modocs of the sky. Assuming armed with from claw. Murderers of song floating up and down the heavens. How can the birds sing amid such perils? Besides that, how is the bird sure to get its food? Millions of birds have been starved. Yet it

Besides that, the hunters are abroad.

Bang! goes a gun in one direction. Bang! goes a gun in another direction. The song will attract the shot and add to the peril. Besides that, yonder is a thun-dercloud, and there may be hurricane and hall to be let loose, and what then be smitten down before it gets to the tropics. Have you never seen the snow strewn with the birds belated in-their migration? The titmouse mingles its voice with the snowstorms as Emer-son describes the little thing he found in

For every bird a thousand perils and disasters hovering and sweeping round and round. Yet there it sings, and it is a trustful song. The bird that has it the hardest sings the sweetest. The lark from the shape of her claws may not perch on a tree. In the grass her nest is exposed to every hoof that passes. One of the poorest shelters of all the earth is the lark's nest. If he sings at all, you will expect her to render the saddest of threnodies. No, no. She sings exultingly an hour without a pause and mounting 8,000 feet without losing a note. Would God we all might learn the lesson. Whatever perils, whatever bereavements, whatever trials are yet to come, sing, sing with all your lungs.

If you wait until all the hawks of trouble have folded their wings and all the hunters of hate have unloaded their runs and all the hurricanes of disaster have spent their fury, you will never sing at all. David, the pursued of Absalom and the betrayed of Ahithophel and the depleted of "sores that ran in the night," presents us the best songs of the Bible. John Milton, not able to see his hand before his face, sings for us the most fa-mous poem of all literature, and some of the most cheerful people I have ever met have been Christian people under phys-ical or domestic or public torment. The songs of Charles Wesley, which we now calmly sing in church, were composed by him between make.

Further, in the sky galleries there are songs adapted to all moods. The mead-ow lark is mournful, and the goldfinch joyeus, and the grosbeak prolonged of note. But the libretto of nature is voluminous. Are you sad? You can hear from the bowers the echo of your grief. Are you glad? You can hear an echo of your happiness. Are you thoughtful! You can hear that which will plunge you into deeper profound. Are you weary? You may catch a restful air. So the songs of birds are administrative in all circumstances. And we would do well to have a hymnology for all changes of sondition. You may sing your woes into peace and rouse your joys into greater altitudes. Upon every condition of body and soul, let us try the power of song. The multitudinous utterances of grove and orchard and garden and forest aug-gest most delightful possibilities. Further, I notice that the song of

birds is a family song. Even those of the feathered through which have no song at all make what atterances they do in sounds of their own family of birds. The heat of the owl, the clutter of the magpie, the crow of the chanti-clear, the dramming of the grown, the length of the loss in the Adironalacia,

where you were born will go into the hands of strangers. The garments that were carefully kept as relics will become moth eaten. The family Bible can go into the possession of only one of the family. The lock of gray hair may be lost from the locket, and in a few years all signs and mementoes of the old homestead will be gone forever. But the family sougs, those that we heard at 2 years of age, at 5 years of age, at 10 years of age, will be indestructible and at 40 or 50 or 60 or 70 years of age will give us a mighty boost over some rough place in the path of our pilgrimage.

Many years ago a group of white chil-ren were captured and carried off by the Indians. Years after, a mother who sing the old nursery song, and her two children immediately rushed up, shout-ing, "Mamma!" "Mamma!" Yes, there is an immortality in a nursery song. Hear it, all you mothers, an immortality

of power to rescue and save.

What an occasion that must have been in Washington, Dec. 17, 1850, when Jenny Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home," Payne, seated before her. She had ren-dered her other favorite songs, "Casta Diva" and her "Flute Song," with fine Diva" and her "Flute Song," with fine effect, but when she struck "Home, Sweet Home," John Howard Payne rose under the power, and President Fillmore and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and the whole audience rose with him. Anything connected with home ransacks our entire nature with a holy power, and appgs that get well started in the nursery or by the family hearth roll on after the lips that sung them are forever silent and the ears that first heard them forever cease to hear.

I preach this sermon just before many of you will go out to pass days or weeks in the country. Be careful how you treat the birds. Remember they are God's favorites, and if you offend them you offend him. He is so foud of their roices that there are forests where for a hundred miles no human foot has ever trod and no human ear has ever listened. Those interminable forests are concert halls with only one auditor—the Lord God Almighty. He builded those audi-toriums of leaves and sky and supports all that infinite minstressy for himself alone. Be careful how you treat his fa-

In Deuteronomy he warns the people, "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree or on the ground, whether they be young ones or eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young. that it may be well with thee and that thou mayest prolong thy days." So you see your own longovity is related to your treatment of birds. Then go forth and attend the minstrelsy. Put off startling colors, which frighten the winged songsters into silence or flight, and put on your more sober attire and move noise-lessly into the woods farther and far-ther from the main road and have no conversation, for many a concert in and out of doors has been ruined by persistent talkers, and then sit down on a mossy

Where a wild stream with headlong shook Comes brawling down a bod of rook, And after perhaps a half an hour of in-tense solitude there will be a tap of a beak on a tree branch far up, sounding like the tap of a musical baton, and then first there will be solo, followed by a duet or quartet, and afterward by doxelories in all the tree tops and amid all

IT'S ASTONISHING how Dr. Pierce's Fa-vorito Prescription nots upon nervous woman. It's a mar-

tages of costly religious service and smoking increase on the alter, to be listening to the chantresses among the tree branches? Aht he wanted to make himself and all who should come after him more alert and more worshipful smidt the sweet sounds and beautiful sights of the natural world. There is an old church that needs to be rededicated. It is older than St. Faul's or St. Peter's or St. Mark's or St. Sophia's or St. Issac's. It is the cathedral of nature. That is the church in which the services of the milleunium will be held. The buildings fashioned out of stone and brick and mortar will not hold the people.

Again the mount of Olives will be the pulpit. Again the mountains will be the galleries. Again the sunrise will be the frost door and the sunset the back door of that temple. Again the morning mist the increase. Again the morning mist the increase. Again the trees will be the organ loft where "the fowls of heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches." St. Francis d'Assisi preached a sermon to birds and pronounced a benediction upon them, but all birds preach to us, and their benediction is almost supernal.

While this summer amid the works of God let us learn responsiveness. Surely if we cannot sing we can hum a tune, and if we cannot hum a tune we can whistle. If we cannot be an oriole, we can be a quail. In some way let us dem-

and if we cannot hum a time we can whistle. If we cannot be an oriole, we can be a quail. In some way let us demonstrate our gratitude to God. Let us not be besten by the chimney swallow, and the humming bird, and the brown thrasher. Let us try to set everything in our life to music, and if we cannot give the carol of the song sparrow take the plaint of the hermit thrush. Let our life be an anthem of worship to the God who created us, and the Christ who ransomed us, and the Holy Ghost who sanctifies us. And our last song! May it be our best song! The swan was it be our best song! The swan was thought by the ancients never to sing

except when dying.

In the time of Edward IV no one was allowed to own a swan except he were a king's son or had considerable estate. Through 100 or 200 years of life that bird was said never to utter anything like music until its list moment came, and then lifting its creeted beauty it would pour forth a song of almost matchless thrill, resounding through the groves. And so, although the struggles of life hour comes to you and me, may there be a radiance from above and a glory set-tling round that shall enable us to utter a song on the wings of which we shall mount to where the music never ceases and the raptures never die.

"What is that, mother?" "The swao, my love; He is floating down from his native grove. No loved one, no seetling nigh— He is floating down by himself to die. Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wines.



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